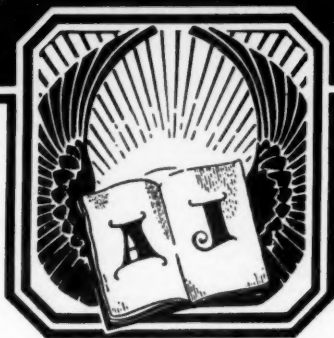


The AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

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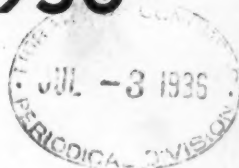
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THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

Checks and Rejections

Letters to the Editor—Comments—
Forum for Writers

SEX NOVELISTS RALLY IN PROTEST

WHEN The Author & Journalist published Ken Cooper's letter replying to the replies to the letter on the condition of the sex-novel markets (see April and May issues), it laid itself open to a barrage of indignant responses from sex novelists and publishers.

Some of these correspondents, it seems to us, read unjustified implications into the letter from Cooper. Certainly there was no intent on our part to cast aspersions upon the earnings or popularity of writers and publishers in this field. The "attack" which several of our correspondents resented does not seem to us to exist—although readers may judge for themselves. One vital function of The Author & Journalist, as we interpret it, is to serve as a forum for discussion of questions affecting the writer. Assertions made by Mr. Cooper we regarded as expressions of opinion, and not of fact, just as were those made by Harold S. Kahm, Dave Dresser, and Jack Woodford, preceding him. Out of many conflicting opinions it should be possible to arrive at some idea of actual conditions in the sex-book field.

If the returns from writing sex-books are sometimes inadequate (which seems to us to have been Cooper's sole contention), it should be remembered that book royalties rarely mount very high, whatever the field. An occasional best seller brings its author a fortune. A small number of books in addition, each year, produce fairly substantial royalties. The great majority, however, net their authors around \$300 each, and a considerable proportion fall below that. Let any experienced hand in the book field—author or publisher—deny this. By and large, sex books probably do as well for their authors as any other type. Why all the fuss, then? We must permit the correspondents to furnish the answer to this for themselves.

Editor, The Author & Journalist:

In replying to Mr. Ken Cooper, who starts out by saying he has just barely broken out of his egg, and winds up by saying that what he says is a "sermon," I can only say that when he grows his pin feathers as a publisher he will be better prepared to enter into controversies with experienced writers and publishers. I think I may call myself an experienced writer, since I am in "Who's Who" and have had thirty-two novels published, some two thousand short-stories and various other material; I believe Godwin and Company may be called experienced publishers, since they could probably buy the Valhalla Press out of the petty cash drawer fund for stamps.

However, since all of the figures Mr. Ken Cooper gives are as accurate as they might be expected to be on the part of a man who admits he has not his pin feathers yet, but is qualified only to preach sermons, since he has no objective results to justify his crowing, I had better correct a few.

I grew my pin feathers twenty years ago, as a writer, and I never preached a sermon in my life. The statements that follow are just minor corrections to Mr. Cooper's frenzied homiletics. The print order for my books is distinctly higher than the estimate given by Mr. Cooper. Naturally, an experienced writer or an experienced publisher does not give these exact figures in print unless he has "just broken out of the egg." Those who feel that Mr. Cooper would be more likely to know about this print order business than I am at liberty to believe him if they wish.

Had Mr. Cooper been a little longer out of his egg he would understand well enough that though there are about fifteen thousand circulating libraries in the United States, when a writer or publisher of experience speaks of circulating libraries he speaks of those whose credit is good.

Mr. Cooper in his sermon directs me to visit a few circulating libraries; I suppose he speaks, as Easterners usually do, only of New York. In the past five years I have been in thirty states and have visited circulating libraries in every large city in the United States.

My observation leads me to be perfectly sure that everything Mr. Cooper says in this regard is inaccurate; my former observations were made as a result of direct contact with the matters of which I spoke.

As to my income, I can only reply to Mr. Cooper's extremely bad taste in saying that he could name a dozen pulp writers who make five times as much as I do by saying that I could name a hundred writers of all types who make ten times as much as I do. My earnings are not large; they never have been; but they are delightfully steady. I meet authors of the better type all over the United States, Canada, and Mexico who make less; not that that is a matter of any consequence. Except with men of Mr. Cooper's type such matters are not usually proper subjects for controversy among authors and publishers. I know writers making a tenth as much as I do whom I and everyone else respect a thousand times more; a thing Mr. Cooper will eventually come to understand, we hope.

Finally, I regret to say that Mr. Cooper's whole attack upon my publishers and myself is founded upon the fact that he recently asked one of my agents in New York what his chances would be to get work from me; and he was told what his chances would be in, I regret, an entirely too brusque manner.

JACK WOODFORD.

Dear Mr. Hawkins:

I am one of the Phoenix and Godwin authors of whom Mr. Ken Cooper writes so invidiously.

It might be interesting to your magazine to know that in addition to aspersing his competitors, and their authors, in print, he writes them private letters advising them that they need business managers and asking them to call upon him in New York. I have such a letter from him.

He got the terms of the Phoenix arrangements with their authors all wrong, according to my and other Phoenix and Godwin authors' contracts.

Apparently his letter in your magazine was intended merely to asperse his competitors and his competitors' authors, previous to a private campaign by letter to secure these authors for his own firm.

As between Mr. Cooper, an unknown author and the head of a publishing firm which has published nothing but its competitor's print orders, and Mr. Woodford, who is in "Who's Who," and widely known; having had every type of book published and every sort of story in all kinds of magazines, I think there can be little doubt which is the most trustworthy.

SAM FULLER.

Westmore's,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Willard:

Who the hell is Ken Cooper? What is the "author's committee" of which he is "chairman"? Who and what is the Valhalla Press? He calls himself a "new publisher in this field." What has he published? What is he going to publish? After calling himself a new publisher in THIS FIELD, he later says: "But we've learned enough about the publishing of sex books to qualify as debunkers par excellence . . . The 'public' does NOT want sex books . . ." Why the hell is the man starting out in this field if he knows the public does NOT want sex books?

I think he needs to take a few more drinks and should attempt to clarify a few of the misleading statements you allowed to be printed in the A & J columns. If he doesn't do it, I feel you owe it to Woodford and myself to investigate the facts about him and find out whose axe he is grinding if (as he states), "Valhalla Press has no axe to grind."

I'm very even-tempered, but I frankly admit it has gotten my goat to be thus attacked through your magazine.

The guy attacks my statement that "Godwin is just about pushing all other competitors out of the field"—and goes on to make the astounding admission that "Phoenix Press is Godwin's only competitor . . ." thus proving my statement.

Let him look back two or three years ago and list Godwin's competitors. There were half a dozen publishers trying to edge into the circulating-library sex field. Others cropped up—fell by the wayside. By his own admission, Cooper proves that I didn't make my statement strong enough. I should have said (according to Cooper): "Godwin HAS pushed every competitor out of the field, with the exception of Phoenix."

What does he mean by his statement: "Suppose Godwin will pay you 10 cents a book on 'every book sold at regular discounts'? I have a dozen Godwin contracts in my files, none of which contains such a stipulation. I advise your vitriolic correspondent, Cooper, to go back to grade school and learn the difference between "10 cents" and "10%." There IS a difference, you know. Evidently Mr. Cooper doesn't.

There are so many other inaccuracies in Mr. Cooper's letter that I can't take time to enumerate them—and I don't wish to presume on your good nature in asking you to give them space in the A & J. And I DO want you to squeeze this letter in. The A & J enjoys an exceedingly happy and well-deserved reputation for presenting

the FACTS to writers. Since Cooper has seen fit to push a lot of twaddle over on you and on your readers, I think the least you can do is to print this letter in rebuttal.

God knows I haven't gotten rich writing sex books. You know it, too. I sat with you in your office and told you frankly that \$150 to \$500 was the tops I could hope to earn on a sex-book. In my previous letter, I mentioned without subterfuge the diminishing returns on sex-books during the past year. But you can go to the largest circulating library in Denver (I did) and check the tattered condition of my books against books standing beside them.

I admit censorship troubles, and I admit dissension within the publishing ranks as conditions making it tough on sex writers. Personally, I don't know what the future holds.

Entirely aside from the personal aspect of this slanderous attack by Mr. Cooper, I feel strongly that you owe it to yourself and to the reputation of your magazine to conduct an independent investigation into the dozen or more **FACTUAL INACCURACIES** which you permitted to appear in your May number, and to report the result of your investigation at the earliest possible moment.

Failing that, I think you owe it to me and to a large number of writers who know me and have confidence in my character and integrity to make it very clear that editorially you vouch for none of Mr. Cooper statements.

Sincerely,

DAVE DRESSER.

North Miami, Fla.

My dear Mr. Hawkins:

I have letters from Jack Woodford and Sam Fuller in reply to my published letter to you.

Woodford, particularly, seems to think I was gunning for his literary scalp. Such was not the case. As I explained to you, I thought it one damned shame that your young readers with literary aspirations should be misled into believing that the penning of sex books is a gold mine.

Woodford claims my letter will ruin the sale of his books. Fuller avers his novel, "Burn, Baby, Burn" won't sell to the movies because of the letter. Both insist I am an ogre of ogres, intent on knifing them and their firms.

Relative to the "personal" affronts they read into the letter, I want it clearly understood that I don't know Woodford from Adam, have no grudge against him or his publishers, am not competing with Godwin or Phoenix, and was motivated only by a sincere desire to set the boys straight.

If Woodford feels he was "personally" maligned, I apologize for that impression. As for my opinions of the sex book business (writing and publishing), I still say it's the privy of the book industry and nobody can tell me it isn't.

Cordially,

KEN COOPER.

Valhalla Press, New York.

RAILROAD STORIES

ONE of the old standbys of the Frank A. Munsey Company is Railroad Stories. Here is a frank personal message to writers from the editor of this long-established magazine.

To the Editor of The Author & Journalist:

I have just received a letter from H. A., of Washington, D.C., which says: "The editor has a few writers he tries to keep from starving to death. Not until they're fed can the new writer get a sandwich or handout—unless every character in the story stands on his head to do everything, and said writer can prove it."

He says further: "Because a manuscript fails to fit the formula some previous editor made up before he died of boredom, isn't a good reason why it won't go with readers. Some day that rule will crash. 'Pig Iron' (story by Harold Titus, June issue) could have been written like this . . ."

H. A. is entitled to a public reply. He writes fairly well, but just a little below the buying point. His letter reminds one of the fable of the Fox and the Grapes.

I appreciate frank criticism, but H.A.'s arguments are wrong, at least as applied to Railroad Stories. I have been editor of this magazine about five years, and during all that time I do not believe there has been even one contents page which did not contain the name of at least one author who had never sold to us before. June issue contains four names that are new to our contents page, including the author of "Pig Iron," to which H.A. refers.

I consistently go out of my way to get new writers for Railroad Stories. Especially, new fiction writers. We always get more fact articles than we can use, but not enough well-written short fiction. As for the so-called regular authors whom the editor "tries to keep from starving to death": It is perfectly obvious that certain authors can write more entertainingly than the vast ma-

jority of amateurs and semi-amateurs, just as certain salesmen sell more goods than others, and certain generals win more victories than others, and certain runners make better speed than others.

In short, some people have more ability than others—and more experience. Naturally the fellow with more ability and more experience sells more goods, because he has developed the knack of giving the public what it wants. In the case of Railroad Stories, any newcomer can immediately climb into the "success" class by producing the kind of fiction that readers want—based on circulation figures and years of kicks and commendations from readers.

On the other hand, whenever a "regular" author becomes careless he starts getting rejections again from Railroad Stories. And if the quality of his work continues to deteriorate he drops out of this magazine altogether. Looking back over five years, I could name a dozen Railroad Stories authors who used to be more or less "regular" but who now appear rarely or never in this magazine.

Newcomers who show real promise are given every possible encouragement. Railroad Stories probably buys more pen-written stories than any other pulp magazine—stories by authors who can't afford to buy a typewriter or have their stuff typed—although, frankly, such scripts annoy us. We are conventional in preferring double-spaced typing done with a new black ribbon, not a worn gray one.

And as for "formula," that is a lot of nonsense, too. The "Pig Iron" story defies the usual requirements, in that the leading female character is a bad woman and the leading male character gets a raw deal from her. H.A., I ask you, is that sticking to formula or isn't it?

Of course, we do insist that stories submitted to this magazine have a railroad background; and we don't want sordid, gruesome stuff; and we don't want risque stuff or gushy stuff or anti-railroad stuff or inaccurate railroading or trite plots. But our definition of "short story" as applied to this magazine is very broad. We are not closely bound by formulae or restrictions. We broaden the term "railroading" to include street cars, subways, els, horse cars, and even non railroad subjects, provided there is a well-defined railroad background.

Another complaint we often get from "Sour Grapes" authors is that it is bad business writing for Railroad Stories, on the ground that if a story happens to be rejected it cannot be sold elsewhere. Now, that is pure hallucination. There are plenty of slick and pulp magazines that are eager to get well-written railroad fiction. We do NOT want the type of fiction story that is too dull and technical to be sold elsewhere.

It is true that, once in a great while, we do print a railroad story so technical that the author would find difficulty in selling it to any other magazine of general circulation. But that is the exception, not the rule. It is safe to say that if we are ever stupid enough to reject a railroad yarn that is beautifully written, there are plenty of other editors who are intelligent enough not to make the same mistake about that particular story.

I close with a note of warning. Although we are eager to buy good stories from promising new authors, and although as editor I probably spend more time than I should in encouraging new authors to "make the grade," I do not want anyone to construe this answer to H.A. as meaning that Railroad Stories wants to be flooded with a lot of mediocre scripts from unimaginative amateurs.

The Railroad Stories staff is small. We do not have time to read sophomoric fiction from authors whose style is too trite to sell anywhere else. We do not have time to conduct a correspondence school in "how to write." We do not have time to do work that should be done by professional literary critics.

If a story really shows promise we'll give plenty of sympathetic editorial cooperation. But Heaven deliver us from the kind of dull, hackneyed, wooden, conventional, journalistic junk that is turned out by the average amateur who never sees below the surface of life—green schoolboys or thick-witted adults who should be plowing lawns or adding up columns of figures.

Sincerely yours,

FREEMAN H. HUBBARD.

WHO CAN HELP OUT HERE?

Dear Mr. Hawkins:

I should like to get in communication with William H. Hamby, an author who used to write for The Popular Magazine about ten years ago. At that time he was living in San Diego, California.

I wonder if you would mind inserting a notice somewhere to this effect. Even if Mr. Hamby himself does not read your magazine, some writer who knows him may see the item and tell him about it.

R. OLIPHANT,
Editor, Chelsea House.

79 7th Ave., New York.

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THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

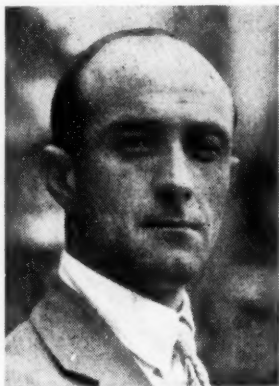
VOL. XXI. NO. 7

JULY
1936

SOME MAKE THE "SLICKS"

... By JAMES W. EARP

James W. Earp is a Rock Island conductor. He made his first sale to Railroad Man's Magazine in 1915. With his third story, Editor Bob Davis asked for a series. It lasted from February, 1916, to January, 1919. He has contributed a total of nearly 450 stories, articles, and poems to some fifty magazines.



James W. Earp

WHAT does it take to put a writer in the slick magazines, with the resultant big checks, the income-tax troubles and the offers to come to Hollywood to write "origināl" screen stories?

Not having the recipe on hand to give the askers of these questions, I usually indulge in a few hypocritical remarks about hard work, ability, years of apprenticeship, etc., etc. In my heart of hearts I know I am only a liar. Personal observations, culled from years of acquaintanceship with writers, make me more positive than ever that the old copy-book maxims are only bunkerino.

Heresy? Not at all. The maxim believers, the conscientious workers, the master plotters are filling the pulps at rates of pay that would make the average day laborer turn up his nose in disgust. The non-believers are the ones who ride in Rolls Royces and gather in the grapes.

In this respect writers have much in common with others who profess to follow the arts. Many a great musician and composer has seen his best work cold-shouldered by the general public and has died in despair and poverty, while a stone's throw away some one-fingered pianist who scarcely knew one note from another leaps overnight into fame and fortune

because of a plagiarized syncopation and a smutty ditty.

I know hundred of writers. Some are famous and justly so. Others ought to be famous and are not. Many of them are personal friends. The true story behind each individual case would make a scoffer out of almost any writer, if said writer is foolish enough to think that luck plays no part in garnering fame and fortune.

The case of Henry comes to my mind as I write. Henry wrote humorous stories. I mean just that. His stories were classics of their kind. Being a reporter for a newspaper in a town of a half million persons, Henry managed to see his stories printed. The newspaper, being a very generous and openhearted publication, which always had the best interests of its employees at heart, paid him ten dollars a story.

From the publication of the first story, Henry became the talk of the town. So did the stories. Not only the town, but the countryside throughout the state read and chuckled and commented on these stories. Letters fairly deluged the newspaper and the editors. If a week passed without a story, indignant readers wrote in to ask why the slight.

For ten years Henry did these stories. The price paid for the last story was the same as the first—ten bucks. Other writers told Henry he was crazy to waste his talent so, that magazine editors were howling for just such stuff as his. He ought to be famous, rich, so forth and so forth.

The cruel fact was that the magazine editors absolutely and positively refused to consider

Henry's stories at all. They could not see the humor at all. Neither could any of the many syndicates. Henry's stories were clever, interesting, filled with clean fun, yet no editor wanted to buy them. Even now I sometimes take his book of short-stories, privately printed, from my book case and read the gems over again for the pure enjoyment of them, at the same time wondering at the why of it all.

But Henry's stories brought him the job of desk editor for his newspaper. He was in charge when a squirt of a kid, a graduate of a journalism school, came there to work as a reporter cub. The kid had literary ambitions. He was always bringing something to Henry for possible use in the paper. Most of his offerings were colorless, lacking in humor, human interest, or anything else. I know. I read many of them—rather, I had them read to me when John managed to pin me in a corner from whence there was no escape.

Finally John came to the conclusion that his talents were not appreciated by Henry and the other editors on the newspaper. Evidently there was a conspiracy to keep him from being famous. Well, he would show them. The magazines in New York would be given a chance to buy his wares.

However, Philadelphia had the honor of being the first buyer. Thomas Masson purchased his first gem for "Post Scripts." Miracle of miracles, he praised it highly and begged for a series along the same line. John did the series. I could never arouse enthusiasm enough to utter any cheers for the sketches, but two years later John was in New York on one of the big papers there. In five years he had contributed to *S. E. P.*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Vanity Fair*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *American*, *Smart Set*, *Pictorial Review*, and almost all the other big boys and girls. Three of his books were published. One was a best seller. Two were only fair successes as literature but the movies paid five thousand dollars apiece for screen rights. He's still going big. In spite of the depression, he paid income tax on thirty thousand dollars last year. And Henry, who wrote the humorous stories, the man who was so popular with the readers of his newspaper, is now completely out of a job as far as the newspaper is concerned. His one gift was story writing. When that was gone, the newspaper was done. But they tell me he is one of the most popular hotel clerks in the State.

Another writer I know made her first sale to *S. E. P.* No pulp ever saw one of her stories.

No pulp ever will. She told me that the worst shock she ever had was when *American Magazine* sent her a check for \$250, the smallest amount ever paid her for a story. Being a good sport, she accepted the check, but *American Magazine* has never seen any of her offerings since. Her literary output seldom exceeds fifteen stories a year, but the average price paid per story is better than six hundred dollars.

Bill is another scribbler who started his career in the big leagues. His first stories, measured by the pulp standard, were terrible things. Editors who were kindly disposed pointed out his faults because they thought they saw evidence pointing to a possible future pulp contributor. Bill's stories, according to the pulp editors, had no plot, no suspense, no action, and very little story. Two years from the day Bill bought a typewriter and began writing in earnest, his name was on the pages of *S. E. P.*, *Collier's* and other good-paying slicks. With the sale of his first story Bill quit his grocery job and bought a lovely old farm close to a river where the fishing is good in the summer and hunting is even better in the winter. He does approximately six stories a year, all built along the one formula he has evolved for success and from which he never varies, in spite of the fact that the formula calls for stories with no plot, no action, no suspense, and very little story value.

But Tom's story is different. Tom wrote for thirteen years before he managed a first sale. The magazine paid him ten dollars. After that they boosted the price a few dollars each story until Tom was getting around forty dollars. This one magazine purchased more than one hundred stories from Tom at forty dollars a story. Since that first story, Tom has sold nearly five hundred stories to the various pulps. He writes a good story, is a good craftsman, does conscientious work, yet no slick will look at his offerings. The odds are twenty to one they never will. And, my friends, Edward J. O'Brien seldom has a year book of best short-stories that does not include some of Tom's. I have often wondered what a former editor of *American Magazine* would think if he could see a letter he once wrote Tom in which he stated decisively that *American Magazine* considered only stories with literary value. Tom never sent him any other stories.

So don't ask me how to break into the slicks. I do not know the answer. But some writers make the slicks—a lot more do not.

Expression is the dress of thoughts.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

"No man ever thinks a poem out; he only feels it out."

—EDWIN MARKHAM

PROFESSIONAL WRITER or LITERARY LABORER

... By ED BODIN



Ed Bodini

A professional writer is one who can sell at least *half* of the stories he writes. Any author averaging less than that, even though he may be making a living at it—is only a literary laborer.

What the writing profession needs is *less and better writing*. The author writing 250,000 words a year and selling 200,000 stands higher in the profession than one writing a million and selling less than 500,000, even though he may have made more

money during the year than the first author. The first one will pass the second in the long run, every time.

This is not one man's opinion, but is based on comments made by leading editors during the past few months. As one editor puts it: "I would rather see one good story per given period from an author who has worked hard on the yarn, edited it, polished it, and tried his best to hit my market, than to receive three hastily written stories from him for me to choose from. I am more willing to pay a higher rate to the conscientious author than I am to the big producer. In fact, I am more obligated to him, because he is helping me in my job, and he is gambling a good deal more. I have on my desk, right now, three stories from Big Producer A—and one story from Conscientious Writer B. One of A's stories is good but needs a revision. B's story is good but also needs to be revised. I am buying only one story to close the present issue of my magazine. I am buying B's story. I feel that B has put more time on his story than A did on his. The careful wording of the dialogue and description shows it."

Here is another editor speaking—he is pointing to a story on his desk, written by a New York author: "This case amuses me. I telephoned the author several days ago asking him to revise this story. Two days later he brought in a new one saying that he could write a new

one more quickly than he could revise the old one, because he hated to mess around with a yarn once it was completed. The second story was hastily done. He evidently thought he could fill my spot with a new story and also sell the first one later when he found time to change it as requested. But I am rejecting the new one and buying the old one, having my assistant make the change I wanted, and giving the author the minimum rate instead of the half cent additional rate I would have paid for it had the author made the revision himself. Maybe he will learn by this—but maybe he won't. It would pay this author to 'mess around' with his yarns a bit more. I don't think he is selling half of what he writes. Careful writing would double this fellow's income, I am sure."

Perhaps one reason for so much haste in this writing business is because an author thinks he must be a big producer to make money, and that he must sell to a lot of markets. As soon as he makes a sale here or there, he wants to hog *all* the spots, often working himself sick, believing that every minute he wastes on some other activity than writing is a dollar lost. But the author with the "hog it all" consciousness is only wasting himself away by "eating his own fat."

There always will be plenty of markets at better rates, for the careful writer. A big-name writer who grows careless through hoggishness loses more than he can imagine. The saddest words any editor can utter are: "He was a good writer but he has burned himself out." But no *careful* writer ever burns out. Any editor will admit that.

Let's take the case of Mr. X. He was selling short-stories and novelettes to five or six markets every month. Then suddenly he got a contract to write a lead novel each month for a one-character magazine. The wordage of that novel equaled his usual quota. Of course, the lead novel was sure money. X jumped at it even though he had to write under a house name. Gradually his own name disappeared from other magazines. He hadn't time for them and to do a good job on his novel.

The feel of big money month after month

Ed Bodin is a New York literary agent. His views as here expressed may excite some difference of opinion. For example, do you agree with his definition of a professional writer? Do you believe that prolific writers burn themselves out?

went to his head. Why shouldn't he double his quota and write his five or six stories in addition to his contract novel?

He pushed himself to the limit, often writing sixteen hours a day. What happened? His own name stories were not only hastily written, but they carried the flavor of the contract novel. He couldn't get away from it. Then he heard friends whispering: "X hasn't the punch he used to show." The other editors, who didn't know about his contract job, wondered why he had slipped. They began to say: "Looks as if X is burned out." That rumor grew. It finally reached the contract publishers. They too believed X was burned out. Consequently, X lost his contract to a fresher writer. He had lost his rep in the other magazines—and he had to begin all over again building up the X standard.

But these tragedies would not occur, if every writer would make carefulness his god, and at the same time figure out what his normal output should be and not try to overdo it, even though there might be more money dangling in front of him. Naturally, quotas of various writers will differ. Some authors can carefully turn out twice the wordage of others. But

once you have established your quota, you can't increase it with safety. This, of course, applies to full-time writers, or those who can spare only a given number of hours a day.

To some extent, big producers have an alibi, due to the low rates being paid, compared to what these writers used to receive. Perhaps they would slow down and be more careful if they could get the old-time rates. But that remains to be seen. There always will be the temptation of "hogging the field," whether rates are high or low. Rates are not so low that a careful writer can't make a good living.

The old adage that work doesn't hurt anybody fails to apply exactly to the writing profession. In writing, it is harder to relax. The author who believes that recreation costs him money will never be able to relax until he breaks physically. Too many authors *are* overworking. That means they are at least *thinking* their stories if not actually *writing* them, every waking minute. The true definition of overwork in the writing game is hoggishness. Five hours a day, five days a week, are a safe maximum. If you have to work more than that to make a living at writing, you aren't a professional writer—you're just a literary laborer.

SO, YOU'RE GOING TO NEW YORK!

BY HAROLD S. KAHM

LONG before O. Henry advised aspiring writers to pack up a pad of paper and a pencil and move to Bagdad-on-the-Subway, New York was the goal of ambitious free-lancers, and its status has not changed; New York is the world's greatest publishing center, and a great majority of the important periodicals and book publishers in the United States are located there. Because of the obvious advantage of personal editorial contacts and friendships, hundreds of writers, perhaps thousands, annually pack up their pads and pencils and come to New York prepared to conquer or be conquered.

The purpose of this article is to offer some practical suggestions to newcomers concerning the financial equipment needed for a successful campaign.

The high cost of living in New York City is greatly overrated. If you know the ropes—and they are easy to learn—you can live just as cheaply and well in New York as in Cleveland or St. Paul. When I first came to the Big City I had no money to speak of, and I was in desperate need of an inexpensive yet fairly decent place in which to live. In my helpless bewilderment I turned to the Y. M. C. A. and secured a small, but clean and neat room for the very modest (?) sum of \$9.40 a week. There were some inside, dark rooms for \$6.50 but they were all occupied.

It was much more than I could afford to pay, so I asked the benevolent-looking young man in charge of the room-renting department whether I couldn't find a furnished room somewhere that would be as nice as to location (this Y was located near Central Park West) and which would be cheaper. He smiled and reminded me that I was in New York, and that \$9.40 a week was really about as low a price as I could possibly get a decent room for in the city.

I spent a good part of each day looking around blindly, but the only cheaper places I could find were pretty awful dumps in smelly, unpleasant rooming houses in undesirable districts. If there were any suitable rooms at a price I could afford, they were occupied. In vain I queried my agents, other acquaintances I had made, old friends; the answer was universally the same: "You're in New York now, sonny boy!"

Then one wise young friend of mine came to my rescue. "I'll help you find a cheaper place," he said. "Come with me." He took me to upper Broadway, where that street is separated from Riverside Drive by a short block—one of the best residential sections of the city. Very few if any "Rooms for Rent" signs could be seen. We went from one apartment building to the other and inquired of the elevator boy whether there were any rooms for rent in the building. The elevator boys know everything in New York. Within less than an hour I had secured a small but charmingly-furnished room, with hot and cold running water and private lavatory, for \$3.50 a week, in a high-class building with a beautiful lobby, elevator service, and a friendly atmosphere. The location was ideal—a few yards from a subway entrance, half a block from Riverside Drive. Fifteen minutes from Times Square.

Everyone said, "It's impossible!" But there were other rooms of a like nature in that building, and in others—scores of others—for similar prices.

Food? New York abounds with restaurants of all kinds and scales. And the best delicatessen shops and bakeries in America. I spent one week experimenting to see how cheaply I could live—just in order to be prepared, in case of necessity—and I found I could get more than enough to eat, pay my

rent, buy necessary sundries, pay subway fares, see shows, and keep my clothes pressed and shoes shined, for a total of \$13 a week. And understand, I maintained my normal scale of decent living. I simply cut out every single expenditure that was not absolutely essential for my pleasantly normal existence, and I effected certain economies, such as smoking my pipe exclusively instead of cigarettes, and taking one meal in my room. These little meals often consisted of imported Roquefort cheese on delicious German poppy-seed rolls, crisp and fresh, with unsalted butter, with some fruit and pastry. They averaged 20 cents. Breakfast—doughnuts and coffee—cost a dime. Dinner downtown at one of several places, for 35 cents average. The Automat was one of my favorites. Others were some small Italian restaurants, and a couple of Chinese places in the theatrical district where you could get an excellent Chinese dinner for a quarter—soup to dessert.

Constantly I heard stories of young men and women who were living in miserable boarding houses, dark and loathsome, and who were paying more for their misery than I for my excellent and normal way of living. They were, I realized sadly, the victims of that enormous fiction, *The High Cost of Living* in New York City.

I discovered, on the other hand, that I was not the only one who had successfully punctured this bubble. Two friends of mine, brothers, who came from my home town in Minnesota, had a total income of \$20 a week between them. They pooled this, and managed to live well enough, in civilized

surroundings, besides paying part of the upkeep of their car, the balance being supplied by their employer because the car was used in the business. There are thousands of people who live well, cheaply, in the city of New York.

The Y. M. C. A. official who earnestly told me that \$9.40 a week was about as small a price as I could expect to get a decent room for, I'm sure, believed it. New Yorkers know nothing of their own city.

The moral of this little tale is simply this: if you have a burning desire to try your luck in New York, dismiss the idea that you either have to have a fortune in order to have your try at it, or else steel yourself to living like a bum in some toiletless Village dump. You can manage a three-months' stay in the Big Town for as little as \$180, plus your bus fare, if you use your head. And three months is ample time in which to establish such contacts with editors as you believe you ought to have.

Incidentally, most New York editors are quite easy to see, and are pretty grand fellows, most of them, sympathetic and helpful to new writers. That was another New York bugbear that proved itself to be just one more Eastern myth—this idea of New York editors being hard-boiled, cold-blooded efficiency experts with the dispositions of man-eating sharks.

Hard-boiled New York! Piffle! It's only a great, big overgrown kiddy in disguise! The original sheep in wolf's clothing; at a distance it growls; at a close-up it baa's.

COLLECTION HINT FOR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

By LOIS CLENCY BOUGHER

SEVERAL years ago I noticed that one of our county seat papers seemed not to know of the existence of the little town in which I live, so I chose a week when there was more than the usual amount of happening, wrote up a column of news and sent it in, with the query as to whether they would like me to act as local correspondent, and at what rates. The next issue of the paper carried my items in full and I received a letter giving me a permanent assignment at so much an inch for material printed.

I enjoyed the work, and as time went on many of the longer items were printed under separate heads, some being featured on the front page. I felt very successful, but one day the checks stopped coming. The editor was very nice; the matter would be looked up and attended to immediately. The depression made it very difficult to collect but I would get it eventually; if I could just wait a couple of months. And so it went for more than a year and the account amounted to about a hundred dollars.

A new manager arrived who cut my space rates and tried to make the cut retroactive. I produced the original letter as a contract, good until cancelled, but accepted the cut on subsequent work. Finally I accepted merchandise from one of his advertisers to the amount of almost half the account. The manager then passed the buck for the rest by giving me a letter to the owner, mentioning the amount due me, and told me to see if I could get it—he couldn't.

To show good faith, I did call once but when I failed to find the owner I started to think of other possible ways of collecting. A contract is a contract. I had fulfilled my part and I didn't intend to lose the pay for my work; however, I didn't want the expense of legal action. About that time I began noticing items in one of the larger dailies which told that the office of the State Labor Commissioner had taken up the cudgels for various groups of laborers in the next county and had collected for them wages which their employers had failed to pay. I wrote to the Labor Commissioner, told him my story, and sent him the manager's statement as evidence. He sent me a blank to fill out, giving him an assignment of the claim. Two months later I received my check, in full.

Later, when the paper had changed management twice more, a new editor asked if I would again handle correspondence from this community. Payments were irregular but they were fairly frequent for a few months. Then came a letter, my first from this manager, praising my work, raising my rate per inch and promising payment the tenth of each month. I continued the work until forced to quit on account of illness, but never another cent did they pay. Finally when most of a year had passed, I again appealed to the Labor Commissioner, giving that one letter as evidence. Again I got my check.

There must be other local correspondents who have found collection difficult and who would welcome the knowledge that there exists an office which will collect their pay without cost to them. Surely other states than California have Labor Commissioners who recognize that part-time work must be paid for as surely as full time employment.

WHAT OF YOUR BRAIN?

... By **GEORGE C. HENDERSON**



George C. Henderson

IT was my good fortune to be present when the first photograph was made of an author's brain at work. The amazing feat was accomplished through combining the photoelectric eye (nucleus of telephotographic apparatus) and the new harmless X ray

that can penetrate wood, metal, even ivory.

A spark of light was shot straight through the author's brain by means of the X-ray machine and was focused on the sensitive photoelectric eye. Everyone is familiar with this eye, which is used to send photographs by radio, guard safes, etc. In the case of the safe-guarding apparatus, if the ray of light is interrupted, an alarm sounds.

In this author's-brain test, the X-ray light shining through the writer's head regulated the volume of music coming from a phonograph.

Dr. Franz Kleigleight, the famous Austrian scientist, chose a pulp fictionist's brain for the test after he had watched the said writer dictate finished Western-story copy at the rate of 1000 to 1500 words an hour and became convinced that here was the ultimate in concentrated mental activity.

The writer was seated comfortably in a chair with his rough draft of the story in front of him and all his reference works within reach. A hush fell over the room as the X-ray light was turned on his head. Instantaneously the phonograph began to play a low even melody, especially arranged for the occasion.

The author started dictating. The phonograph sputtered and struck a lower note, as the stenographer began to take down the writer's words.

"The increased blood flow to the head, darkening the brain, is making it more difficult for the light to penetrate," whispered Dr. Kleigleight. "Watch for more interesting phenomena as the subject warms up to his work."

There followed the most amazing four hours I have ever endured. While the author was

Mr. Henderson has led an adventurous life, full of thrills and narrow escapes, but now claims to have settled down as a fiction work-horse. In addition to a large amount of magazine fiction he is author of four books, "Keys to Crookdom," (Appleton) "The Painted Stallion" and "Range Raiders," (Chelsea House), and "The Killers," (Greenberg).

knocking off a 6000-word story and the scientists were checking and cross-checking him, not only by means of photography but with a thermometer and a sphygmomanometer (known vulgarly as a lie detector).

The music became stuttering gibberish as the fever mounted in the writer's brain. When the first gun-battle in the story started the author's own excited state was reflected in a perceptible lowering of the melody's volume. In the calmer passages of description and narration the phonograph spoke up louder again.

Then came the climax. The story hero was trapped in a den of hydrophobia cougars with the vicious, shaggy-haired, snaggle-toothed villain shooting at him. Inky eyes glared balefully out of the darkness. A hideous sneer twisted the killer's sun-blackened face. Clenching his granite jaws, the hero fought his way to a smashing victory.

So there's the story. A whopper. A lie that should instantly qualify me for membership in the Liar's Club.

It is just an introduction to what I want to say about the brain of writing men. In every trade and profession men take stock of their tools and look after them. In the fiction business the old cerebrum is our principal, our precious tool. (Or should it be cerebellum and medulla oblongata?)

I would like to suggest that right here in THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST a bunch of the boys who are not whooping it up in the Malamute or any other saloon hold a clinic on this strange and sometimes ineffective weapon of offense and defense—the addled old think-tank.

What really does happen to your brain after it has been driven feverishly to concoct a 60,000-word thriller every month year in and year out for, let us say, five years? Plenty of us have been doing that very thing.

Is the brain really suffused with blood at the end of a hard day's work as Dr. Kleigleight's odd experiment proved?

Fifteen per cent of alcohol was found in a dead movie star's brain. Writers who are diagnosticians or autopsy surgeons might tell us how this pickling-in-alcohol affects the fictionist's principal tool. Ditto for nicotine, coffee, etc.

I will start off the confessions by admitting that I sometimes feel almost as tense as Dr.

Kleight's subject at the finish of a hot number. But for that matter the stenog to whom I dictate directly on the machine is pretty limp, too, from going full tilt perhaps for three solid hours without stopping.

A kindly editor who has helped pull me through some bad slumps by his unfailing patience tells me that when a writer gets brain fog he often doesn't know it. And he blames everything but the right thing for his failure to click. Even develops a persecution complex. I guess I do. How about you other fellows?

Now nobody has asked me, but I am going to tell how I help my brain to recuperate and then I'm going to abandon this clinic to others. I imagine you fellows will have plenty to say and I don't want to make you mad by using up all the angles.

First for the "Don'ts." After a hard day of writing, don't read newspapers in particular nor anything else if you can help it. The shifting of attention and the vividness of thought caused in going through a newspaper are actually painful to the tired mind in the cases of some. Don't begin plotting another yarn. Don't inflict yourself or your ideas on people until you un-tense and get back to normal. Don't immediately play games requiring close attention and concentration, such as bridge, tennis, etc.

Old Doc Henderson's prescription is loafing, fishing, sun-bathing, lying on the lawn, rambolling through the woods, playing with children, and best of all, salt water bathing.

Now lads and lassies, go on and tear into me with your usual wim and wigor.

THE VERBS WILL DO IT

By LYLA G. MAXWELL

"MY CHARACTERS are wooden. I wish I knew how to give life to them and to the story I have woven around them." This is one of the most common complaints, especially of new writers. And I venture to say that the basic cause of their trouble in the majority of cases is their choice of verbs.

Verbs, carefully chosen and properly used, have in themselves the ability either to bring your characters to life or to make them stiff and unbelievable.

Let us examine the verbs which mean *to walk*. *Walk*, itself, is the first one. Not much character in it, is there? If we write of a person who must be pictured as drab and colorless, one in whom we do not expect our reader to be much interested, then, by all means, he should merely "walk" or "go."

But if our person is one whom the reader must picture distinctly, one who has a definite place in our story and must stand out correspondingly, we must be sure to search our vocabulary for the right word to portray his every movement.

The best way to illustrate this is to produce a character. We will call him plain Joe Smith, a neutral name—he may be any kind of a person. Now let us put him into a scene in a story. Here is the way some would do it:

Joe Smith moved to one side so that he could see down the brush-covered canyon. Two men, looking to right and to left, were coming up. When they looked back for an instant Joe took advantage of the opportunity and ran to the clump of bushes where his belongings were stored. He reached into it, pulled out a sawed-off shotgun and went back.

You're not sure what sort of a man Joe is, are you? He could be either a grand, good man or a villain; and you wouldn't care very much which. But try it this way:

Joe Smith crawled to where he could peer down the brush-covered canyon side. Two men, eyes searching the deepening shadows, were crashing up toward him. A sound behind them made them whirl and Joe seized the advantage to stumble to his feet. He scuttled toward the clump of bushes where his belongings were cached. Diving headlong into it he emerged with a sawed-off shot gun. Gripping it in his shaking hand, his legs buckling beneath him, he tottered back to his lookout spot.

There you get a picture of Joe; a frightened, rabbit-like Joe, tremblingly afraid of the men. Now let's try it another way.

Joe Smith eased his weight slowly forward until he could peer down the brush-covered canyon side. Two men slipping up. As they paused and looked back, Joe swung around and charged toward the clump of bushes where he'd put his belongings. A plunging arm and a huge hand emerged gripping a sawed-off shot gun, and he strode back.

That Joe isn't rabbit-like, is he? And yet in all three examples the nouns and adjectives are almost the same. In all three we had Joe Smith, a brush-covered canyon, two men coming up, Joe's belongings hidden in a bush, and a sawed-off shot gun. The verbs alone gave us our picture. Try other verbs. Make Joe dignified. Make him a small boy or an old man.

With the proper choice of verbs we can make our reader like or dislike our characters. No one likes a person who sneaks, slithers, grovels; we all laugh at one who struts, minces, waddles, or prances. We will be sympathetic with those who limp, plod, halt, or totter; and we admire

a person who marches, strides, sweeps, and launches.

Take one of your old rejects, in which you realized that your characters are lifeless, and look up synonyms for each verb in it. If you choose well you will be pleasantly surprised to

see the people begin to emerge into real, likeable creatures.

A list of two hundred and forty-three descriptive synonyms for "walk" follows. Your thesaurus can give you as many more if you will dig them out.

SYNONYMS FOR "WALK"

PROGRESS

march
step
tramp
stalk
stride
straddle
foot it
bowl along
stroll
saunter
rove
proceed
migrate
hoof it
travel
emigrate
rove
roam
range
patrol
pace
traverse
ambulate
hover
straggle
gad
work his way
move
stir
hie
budge
pass
shift
slide
glide
roll
drift
wander
stream
journey
go
waft
shunt

SITTING

perch
sink
squat
sit
crouch
stoop
bend
bow
curtsy
bob
duck
kneel
cower
recline

RIDICULOUS

toddle
strut
waddle
mince

SPEED

trip
hasten
scuttle
scud
fly
race
shoot
tear
whisk
sweep
skim
brush
chase
clip
speed
rush
dash
bolt
trot
gallop
bound
spring
dart
boom
hasten
paddle
scoot
scamper
flee
vault
caper
hop
run
skip
flounce
frisk
flit

BACKWARDS

retire
recede
return
regrade
back
double
shrink
shy
retrace
retreat
fling
pitch
draw
pull
sink

FORCIBLE ENTRANCE

intrude
ram
plant
drive
plunge
jump
leap

SLOWNESS

creep
jog
linger
loiter
dawdle
crawl
lag
saunter
plod
trudge
stump
lumber
trail
drag
grovel
worm
steal
waddle
slug
traipse
slouch
shuffle
halt
limp
shamble
flutter
totter
stagger
mince
step
hang
crawl

DEPARTURE

depart
whip
pack
sally
leave
quit
vacate
evacuate
abandon
retire
withdraw
embark
decamp
disappear
emerge
abscond

ARRIVAL

arrive
overtake
land
light
dismount
disembark
return
pop up
bounce
plump
burst

AGITATION

turn
wheel
heel
wind
twirl
rotate
revolve
spin
reel
sway
tumble
writhe
twitter
flounder
flop
prance
bustle
jerk
heave
hitch
jostle
hustle

MISCELLANEOUS

recoil
rebound
steer for
make for
aim
proceed
precede
lead
dance
start
advance
progress
fly
attend
dog
follow
tread
launch
start
approach
come
rove
chase
enter
join
slip
pass
hoist
mount
stand
rise
meander
roll
hitch

SLOVENLINESS

amble
shamble
shuffle
slouch

I, TOO, BECAME AN AUTOCRAT

. . . By RUEL McDANIEL

This chronicle of a writer who "reformed" but survived to write again, may interest others who have looked longingly at the other side of the editor's desk. Mr. McDaniel is a successful trade-journal writer, now back in the harness.



Ruel McDaniel

ONCE a business magazine publisher attended a convention in my city. I had been writing then only a few months but fortunately had sold him several articles, so he telephoned me. When I joined him in his suite that evening, a party was in full bloom. There were more than a dozen guests and unmistakable marks of luxury—complete bar, twenty-cent cigars and a bevy of blondes. He spared no cost to see that his guests passed a pleasant evening. Late that night, when most of the guests had departed, he telephoned his wife in New York, fifteen hundred miles distant, merely to say good night.

It was quite obvious to me that publishers made a lot of money. I then and there reaffirmed my earlier determination that sometime I would myself join that exclusive circle of autocrats. I, too, would be a magazine publisher.

That ambition to publish magazines sprouted back in my cub reporter days. It followed me, with intermittent revivals, through other newspaper jobs, through the War and into a magazine advertising manager's job. When I left that latter place to become a free-lance business writer, I told myself that I knew the business end of magazine publishing; that this free-lancing would teach me the editorial phases.

For six years I roamed over this land of ours, interviewing men and women and writing about what they were doing. I set myself a writing quota each day. My only real worry, ordinarily, was to make that quota. I had a wonderful time—but I did not know it until some years later!

During all these years I planned for the day I could start my own magazines; could break away from that steady word-grind and become a member of that charmed circle—a publisher. Nearly everything I did had at least some in-

direct bearing on my publishing plans. I lay awake nights, telling myself the things I intended to do to make my business successful.

Then came the opportunity. Through a friend I learned of a long-established publication in the class field that was for sale. I formed a partnership with a newspaper acquaintance with like ambitions and we bought the little magazine. It was in a rather deplorable condition and we obtained it at a most reasonable figure.

My partner had an income sufficient for him to live without drawing on our business for at least two years. I had approximately \$2,500 due me for material sold or which I would sell during the next six months. So both of us were reasonably sure of living expenses for some time, without drawing from the magazine. I was going to continue to write in order to be doubly certain that it would not be necessary for me to take anything out of the business.

Thus we determined to use all profits for expansion; we would buy or start other publications as rapidly as resources and opportunities presented themselves.

We bought our first magazine in October, 1929—just one week before the stock market crash. In spite of retarded business in general, we built up the little magazine quite rapidly.

Six months later we sensed an opportunity to establish another magazine. If we felt any hesitancy in straining our proverbial shoestrings, we were reassured by Mr. Hoover's proclamation that prosperity was just around the corner.

About the middle of 1931 we awoke to the realization that we had four anemic magazines on our hands and that prosperity had become lost around a maze of corners. Our incomes had been cut drastically.

About this time, too, printers began to be a little more explicit about their bills; engravers were still friendly but mercenary. Even the building manager expected his rent with some show of regularity.

I did very little writing after starting to edit our first magazine. It seemed that about the time I was going to write something, my partner and I would have to talk over some fundamental policy, see the printer, select a new kind of paper stock, or talk about our next publication. I wrote as much (perhaps I should say as

little) when I was editing four magazines as when I had only one.

It was along toward the end of the second year that I found myself vaguely reminiscing over those free-lance days. I frankly was alarmed at the pleasant sensation those thoughts created. But I would put them from my mind. Those days were gone forever. I was well on my way toward ownership of a great chain of publications!

Conditions became increasingly worse in 1932. By the middle of 1933 I again was lying awake nights—thinking of ways to pacify creditors, how to get out the next issue without money to pay for the last one, how to obtain two articles needed for the current number without money to pay for them. Those free-lancing days danced before my closed eyes like haunting demons.

It is remarkable how a publishing business can hold together after all is gone save blind determination to hold on. In spite of drastic shrinkage of our personal incomes and gradually diminishing returns from the four magazines, we managed somehow to hold things together; but it is not a pleasant thought. We found that Edison was a piker, requiring four hours' sleep nightly. We became most sympathetic toward the camel and his seven days without water, but it was not water that we

were without. We became expert stallers and keyhole peepers (peeping to see which creditor was at the door). For the rest of my life there will be printed indelibly in my mind the look on the faces of an office force when you tell them that there is no money on payday.

. . . Then into the midst of all this walked another fellow who longed to be an autocrat. He had made money in oil. He wanted to be a publisher. He made us a price for our string of four. The reason we did not accept it more quickly was because the fellow shocked us speechless.

My partner quickly found an opening on a newspaper. I strained my already delicate credit at the printer's for letterheads and envelopes. I rushed out a letter to the editors to whom I had sold material prior to the time when I became an autocrat. I told them I was anxious to write for them again.

Today I'm a free-lance once more. My nose is back at the grindstone of 3000 words per day. But there are no printers to hound me; no deadlines to make; no engravers to fuss with; no office force with long faces and hungry looks.

Stories are not so easy to sell as they were five years ago; nor is the pay as high. But I'm happy here with my portable and camera and the open road. Now I *am* an autocrat, and I know it!

POETRY INVADES THE NEWS

By RICHARD LEON SPAIN

ONE of the significant developments of the new national interest in poetry is its reception by the newspapers. This is one of the more recent triumphs of the art and one that is of paramount importance to its wider scope of appeal, for the newspaper reaches more people than any other type of publication.

Recent years have seen the establishment of departments devoted to serious poetry in dozens of weeklies and dailies. Some pay for material and some do not, but they offer all poets, and beginners especially, a medium for expression.

Here are a few of the best newspaper departments devoted to original verse:

Charmed Circle, Andrew Hewitt, *Charlotte Observer*, Charlotte, N. C., Weekly. Lyrics of high quality. No payment except in weekly prizes of \$2.50 for best poem of the week.

Choir Practice, Ellen M. Carroll, 245 Calhoun St., Charleston, S. C., Monthly section in the *Charleston Evening Post*. Poems should have beauty of thought, strength, vitality, and sincerity. No payment.

Golden Windows, Ralph J. Donahue, Bonner Springs (Kansas) *Chieftain*. Weekly. No religious or political material. All other subjects. Occasional prizes but no payment.

The Nation's Poetry, Irl Morse, Akeley, Minn. Weekly, in *Hubbard County Journal*. New talent especially sought. Good technique essential. No payment.

Over the Coffee, daily and Sunday column in the *Des Moines Register*, Des Moines, Iowa. Poems of sixteen lines or less. No payment.

Oregonian Verse, *The Sunday Oregonian*, Portland. Ethel Romig Fuller, editor. High quality poems, wholesome theme matter. Pays \$1 per poem.

Pennons of Pegasus, Julia Lansing Hull and Isyla Powers, Meriden (Conn.) *Record*. Weekly. Almost every type of poetry except humorous, dialect or long narrative. No payment.

The Poetic Viewpoint, Robin Lampson, 2449 Dwight Way, Berkeley, Calif. Weekly column, *Berkeley Courier*. High standard. No payment.

Skyline, Annarrh L. Stewart, Box 224, Gunnison, Colo. Published monthly in *The Top o' the World*. Poetry of quality. Annual prizes.

Warp and Woof, James N. Northe, 303 Rosewood, Ontario, Calif. Monthly poetry page in *Ontario Outlook*. Quality. No payment.

Other newspapers that publish a few poems:

New York Sun, 280 Broadway, New York City. Pays \$4 for poems for Woman's Page. Also editorial page, under 20 lines.

New York Times, Times Square, New York City. \$7.50 for each poem used on editorial page. Brief poems of unusual merit.

The Denver Post, Denver, Colo. Poems for Woman's Page. Weekly \$1 prizes. Similar prizes for poems written by children and addressed to Dorothy Battle, Boys' & Girls' Corner.

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST'S LITERARY MARKET TIPS

GATHERED MONTHLY FROM AUTHORITATIVE SOURCES

Love Book Magazine is the title of the new love-story magazine to be issued by Popular Publications, 205 E. 42nd St., New York. Miss Jane Littell, editor, who is selecting material for the first issues, writes: "I have discovered, in the month I've been here, that to most people any story that ends with a clinch is a love story. My idea of a love story is a story with emotion for the theme, which makes it possible to have a plot that is a dramatic conflict of two persons' emotions. After that, the writer can dress the story up in any sort of incidents that seem to clothe it adequately and with good taste." A further letter adds: "The slogan of the magazine is 'Stories You Would Like to Live.' The recipe for the hero and heroine is 'Men as women wish they were and girls as they would like to be.' In a word, glamorous young love; and the stories can't be too good. No sexy stuff wanted. Lengths are 3000 words up for short-stories, novelettes up to 12,000 words. Payment on acceptance at 1 to 2 cents a word, verse 25 cents a line."

Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, is reported to be undergoing a complete reorganization. The new editor, who will succeed Alfred Dashiell, according to the unofficial report, is to be Harlan D. Logan, an instructor in English in New York University. Another instructor in English at New York University, who will join the staff, it is understood, is Warren Bower, who will be expected to find at least one new or comparatively unknown short-story writer each month.

Caravan, 34th and Eighth Ave., New York, announces its requirements as follows: "Cheerful, romantic, adventure and love short-stories, 1500 to 2000 words; travel articles and humorous essays, 1500 to 1800 words. No mystery, no morbid, heavy, risqué, or political material. Frederick Maine is editor, and payment is on acceptance at 1 cent per word."

Young America, 32 E. 57th St., New York, announces a change in editorial policy. L. A. Langreich, editor, writes: "In addition to the two serials appearing in every issue we are also using a short short-story of 800 to 900 words every week. Payment for short shorts will be about \$5 or more. The serials, which should average between 15,000 and 18,000 words, will be paid for at the rate of \$50 and up. The theme of the serials can be either adventure, historical, or sports, and should appeal to our girl readers as well as the boys. Our age group is between eight and eighteen years. We are also planning to use box gag cartoons, for which we will pay from \$3 to \$5." Payment is understood to be on publication.

Trips, 565 Fifth Ave., New York, uses "information about people connected with travel—i. e., guides, men who run the famous resorts, etc.; also amusing, informative stories about strange places." Short fact items of travel interest, jokes, skits, and news items, 10 to 30 words, are used, also photographs. Payment is on publication, "by arrangement." Arthur Brackman is editor.

Robert McBride & Co., 116 E. 16th St., New York, announces that Tom Divin, for the past year director of publications at the American Museum of Natural History, has joined the staff as editor.

Ace Detective, 67 W. 44th St., New York, apparently successor to *Gold Seal Detective* of the Magazine Publishers group, is a wide-open market for detective writers. Mary Lou Butler, associate editor, writes: "For this magazine we are seeking the ingenious story in which mystery, action, and characterization are well balanced. There are no restrictions as to the type of hero. He must have an emotional interest in the outcome of the plot. Stories which depend entirely on slam-bang action for suspense will not be acceptable. Plots should have plenty of clever twists, and we prefer some terror element. Lengths, 4000 to 15,000 words. Manuscripts should be addressed to Miss Butler, and rates are 1 cent a word up, payable on publication."

Federal Agent is now the title of the Dell magazine formerly entitled *Public Enemy*. West F. Peterson, editor, writes: "We are now badly in need of good material. With the title alteration there has also been a switch in policy. Instead of using the full-length novel and two or three shorts, each issue will feature at least two novelettes, half a dozen shorts, and the usual departments. Desired lengths are from 9000 to 12,000 words on the novelettes and from 4500 to 6000 on the shorts. Payment is on acceptance at 1½ cents a word minimum. As the title implies, not every story in the book will be about the F. B. I. Besides the straight G-man material we want fiction dealing with the narcotic squad, the treasury department sleuths, the post-office inspectors, the immigration department, and other phases of anti-crime activity carried on by the government. The theme of *Federal Agent* is to glorify the Feds, whether or not they work for J. Edgar Hoover. Copy for this magazine should be hard-hitting, realistic, authentic. The mystery angle will be most welcome; ditto a strong emotional punch obtained through relationship of sweethearts, brothers, father-and-son, old-time buddies, et cetera. Scientific detecting is desirable if interestingly presented, and if based on a sound knowledge of scientific procedure. Stories based on something besides murder (though killings may be incidental) ought to click for variety, if well done. Avoid the old clichés, such as basing an entire story on the idea that one G-man has to clean up a gang simply because another G-man has been bumped off by the mob. A little investigation into the federal anti-crime services should yield plenty of fresh ideas." The address is 149 Madison Ave., New York.

Popular Love Magazine, 22 W. 48th St., New York, is a new magazine of Standard's Thrilling group, devoted to modern love fiction. Rates, 1 cent a word up, on acceptance.

Adirondack Advertising Service, Flood Block, Hudson Falls, N. Y., writes: "We are in the market for short-stories of from 2000 to 3000 words, either fiction or fact, and pay 3 and 4 cents per word on acceptance. These stories are for *Diary Revelations*, and R. T. Flodo is the acting editor. We prefer to send those interested in submitting work to us particulars direct, if they will write to us and enclose a stamped return envelope for our reply. We do not want material sent unless the writer is acquainted with our instructions."

REPORTS from the editorial front are most encouraging.

New magazines are starting. Established ones, increasing buying schedules—in some cases as much as sixty percent.

YOU can have your share of these sales IF you will go after them in a businesslike manner.

A "businesslike manner" is simply writing the kind of material editors want.

Editors are literally flooded with material—much of it good but NOT written in a form in which they CAN use it.

So, when a new comer offers a story which IS thoughtfully prepared for some particular magazine, the editor welcomes him with open arms and, which is still more important, with an open check book.

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The Seng Company, 1450 Dayton St., Lincoln Park Station, Chicago, G. A. Bentley, advertising manager, writes: "We are interested in seeing short-story manuscripts for our house organ, *The Seng Book*. Stories should be 5000 words or less, with a maximum of 6000. They should have a furniture store or department background, or the central character should be a furniture salesman. We want them to be optimistic in tone always but without preaching or pointing a moral. We will be glad to have stories with a humorous slant. We will also be glad to consider articles about interior decoration, furniture, or furniture selling, but they must be written to interest the average retail furniture salesman. It will be best for writers to contact us first before submitting articles. While our requirements are somewhat limited as to the quantity of stories we can use, we are looking for high-quality material. Payment will be made on acceptance."

Pacific Geographic Magazine should be listed as under the editorship of Margaret E. Hughes. The magazine is edited from 1151 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, the address of the Pacific Geographic Society, of which it is the official publication. It invites authors to submit articles on science, exploration, archeology, art, culture, and travel adventures in the Pacific area. Short articles up to 3000 words preferred, although longer articles are not barred. Quality photographs, maps, etc., are wanted, with articles and separately. Payment is on publication at 1 cent per word.

Haversack and *Torchbearer*, juvenile periodicals, published by the Methodist Publishing House, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn., will be discontinued as of October next. They will be replaced by *Cargo*, a weekly publication. Rowena Ferguson, assistant editor, writes: "*Cargo* will use short-stories, 3000 to 4000 words, serials of four to ten chapters, short illustrated articles, 500 to 1200 words, striking photos. All material must be of interest to teen-age boys and girls. The magazine will pay 1/2 cent a word and up, on acceptance. It will purchase all U. S. magazine rights; the copyright will be in the name of the publishers, who assign rights after publication, on request."

The David C. Cook Publishing Company, Elgin, Ill., calls attention to the fact that one of the statements contained in a list of reasons which may cause rejection, as published in the June A. & J., might lead readers to assume that the company is overstocked with stories and serials. Writes F. M. Starrett, editorial director: "We are *not* well stocked with stories and serials. In fact, we are definitely in the market for certain types of material."

Eve, 80 Eighth Ave., New York, is a new monthly devoted to women's interests. The editor, C. Belle Makarius, writes: "Our market needs are for light, sophisticated, fiction similar to that which appears in *Mademoiselle*. The story should not be over 2500 words in length, for which we pay \$25.00. Our articles are on pertinent questions of the day of interest to, and concerning women and their problems. These articles may be controversial in nature. They must be alive and timely. We prefer articles from 1500 to 2000 words in length. Our rate of payment is approximately 1 cent a word and payment is made upon publication."

Loring & Mussey, book publishing firm, has changed its name to Barrows Mussey, Inc., and moved from 66 Fifth Ave. to larger quarters at 100 Fifth Ave., New York.

Easy Money, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, is no longer buying material, and has gone from monthly to bi-monthly publication.

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Our Third Annual BEGINNERS' FICTION CONTEST Will Award \$2,325.00 in Twenty-four FREE Prize Periods of Practical Professional Help

During July, August and September, I will EACH MONTH select the eight new writers whose manuscripts indicate the best sales possibilities, and will train them in writing to sell—entirely without charge, except our regular agency commission on sales.



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My assistance with your individual writing and selling problems costs \$2.00 on manuscripts not over 2000 words, and 75c per thousand if longer. BOOKS: 25-40,000 words, \$15.00; 41-60,000 words, \$20.00; 61-80,000 words, \$22.50; 81-100,000 words, \$25.00. For this nominal investment you receive: (1) Immediate recommendation of salable manuscripts to actively buying editors. On American sales we charge 10% commission; 15% on foreign sales. (2) If your scripts are unsalable, I render an honest constructive criticism telling you exactly why, and will show you specifically how to revise and replot those which can be made salable.

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1st Prize: My help with your writing problems for one year	(Value) \$400.00
2nd Prize: My help as above for six months	200.00
3rd Prize: My help as above for three months	100.00
4th Prize: My help as above on 40,000 words of manuscripts	30.00
5th & 6th Prizes: My help on 20,000 words (Two prizes, each worth \$15.00)	30.00
7th & 8th Prizes: My help on 10,000 words (Two prizes, each worth \$7.50)	15.00

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ENTER THIS CONTEST TODAY!

The 1936 BEGINNERS' FICTION CONTEST is open to any writer who has not sold more than 4 fiction stories or had a novel published within the last year. All you need do to enter is to submit a manuscript for my agency service at my regular terms specified below:

Give your talent a real chance by entering your best manuscripts in the Contest immediately. Full details, rules and entry blanks will be sent on request. Write for them—NOW!

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Etude Music Magazine, 1712 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, referring to its manuscript requirements, observes: "Imagine an audience of 200,000 music lovers, students, and teachers, all of them interested in the vital things of the music life, a great majority of them interested in the practical side of piano playing, and especially anxious for any information which will enable them to play better, with more facility, and to get more pleasure and profit from practice. Every paragraph of every article should keep the vast audience alert and interested every moment. Others are interested in non-hackneyed aspects of musical history of wide appeal, others in violin playing, organ playing, singing, and in getting the best methods of teaching. In other words, *The Etude* is a practical, utilitarian, educational magazine, looking for 'tell how' material of the entertaining, instructive, and inspirational type. It is not a musical newspaper. None of its space is devoted to criticism of musical articles or the discussion of abstruse musical subjects. It is not looking for dissertative material of the feuilleton or editorial type, but for rational, innately interesting, always readable stuff of the work-a-day kind, touching the progressive activities of the world of music. Any writing, to be available, must be sound, lively, and sensible." *The Etude* is edited by James Francis Cooke. Its rate of payment is about \$4 per column of 600 words, on publication.

The Frank A. Munsey Company, 280 Broadway, New York, announces that Chandler Whipple and Arthur Lawson, both formerly with Popular Publications, have been appointed associate editors of *The Argosy*. Henry MacComas's associate editor on *Detective Fiction Weekly* is Charles Ingberman, also formerly of Popular Publications. Mr. Lawson was previously with Fiction House, Inc., and Mr. Whipple previously performed the duties of managing editor of Clayton Publications.

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I claim no magic powers. I claim only experience and the ability to judge your story expertly and to criticize it constructively. My fees are low: \$2 to 10,000 words, \$5 to 30,000 words, \$10 above that. My work is done under a money-back guarantee. I help you or refund your fee.

This is your opportunity. I have hundreds of eager markets for good stories. Send me your work today! A copy of my valuable booklet, "Some Common Faults of Beginning Writers," will be mailed upon request. IT'S FREE. Address:

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Jane Hardy was formerly on the editorial staff of Macmillan Company. She is highly recommended by Harold S. Latham, Ida Tarbell, Henry Goddard Leach, Hamlin Garland, and others.

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ED BODIN, Chief Buzzer

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New York City

The Trailer Caravan, Union Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich., is announced as a new monthly magazine to make its appearance in August. Ralph G. Hess, editor, writes that it will use illustrated articles on trailer travel and automobile travel to spots unusual, also articles dealing with experiences of home-made trailers and photos dealing with them. Occasional short verse will be accepted. Payment is promised at from 1/2 to 1 cent a word on publication.

Five Star Weekly, 620 Folsom St., San Francisco, is a magazine section supplied to Pacific Coast newspapers. Miss Jean Rendelen is editor. It uses feature articles for which payment is made at around \$20 or \$25, on publication, with additional allowance for photographs, but at present is reported to be overstocked.

Harry E. Fitzgerald, editor of *Southern States Sportsman*, 710 Empire Bldg., Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "*The Southern States Sportsman* suspended after the February issue, and the Knoxville offices were closed under legal proceedings. This made it impossible for access to the files and the return of manuscripts submitted or the answering of correspondence. In the hope that a program of reorganization and re-financing would speedily be worked out, we deferred sending out notices, but it now appears that to date nothing definite can be written and there is little hope for reorganization. Threatened suits indicate that a receiver may be appointed and the affairs of the publication wound up in some such procedure."

Aperitif, P. O. Box 354, Santa Barbara, Calif., "circulating in the eleven Western states, with emphasis on the Pacific Coast, has raised its rates from 1/2 cent to 1 cent a word, on acceptance," writes Stanton Delaplane, managing editor. The number of pages has been doubled and consequently there is a shortage of article and fiction material in 1000 to 3000-word lengths."

The Model Craftsman, 330 W. 42nd St., New York, writes: "Be a good fellow and help us to save lost motion and wasted postage. You see, your notices pull like nobody's business, and we get flooded with stuff which we have to return. In addition, we never buy ready-made articles. All our material is prepared by selected writers, who are given the assignments when and as we need the material. In the three years of its existence this magazine has yet to buy unsolicited manuscript."

Western Aces, 67 W. 44th St., New York, "has a cordial reception for colorful yarns with strong characterization and adroit plot manipulation," writes Mary Lou Butler, associate editor. Lengths, 4000 to 15,000 words. Rates are 1 cent a word up, on publication.

For Me, 30 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, which announced payment on acceptance, is reported by a contributor as having failed to pay for a story some weeks after publication. Inquiry concerning the matter brought the response that a check would be forthcoming "in due course."

Paradise of the Pacific, Hawaii's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, P. O. Box 80, Honolulu, T. H., Roy M. Frisen, editor, is seeking articles and fiction of Hawaiian flavor, occasionally other South Sea angles, also other general Hawaiian material. Payment is only in copies of the issue in which material appears.

Frederick B. Ingram Publications, Gansert Bldg., Rock Island, Ill., write: "We are very much interested in original full-length and one-act plays, particularly the former. We shall be glad to read any which your subscribers care to submit to us. All material is published on a royalty basis, with the author receiving a percentage of the royalty."

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Don't let anyone tell you, "The new writer has no chance." Clients of mine—every one a "new writer"—have sold to practically all markets, including Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Red Book, Woman's Home Companion, Ladies Home Journal, Pictorial Review, Cosmopolitan, the action magazines, detective magazines, etc. One sold over \$2,000 worth to one group last year. Many had novels published and plays produced. One had a musical comedy produced.

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The D. M. Publishing Co., Dover, Delaware, publisher of *Snappy, Pep, La Paree, Gay Parisienne*, and *Spicy*, writes that it is in the market for manuscripts. Short-stories from 3000 to 3500 words; novelettes, 10,000 words, 3500 words in each installment. Stories must have simple, intelligent plots, not too involved; light, snappy dialogue, the sex angle indicated but not emphasized. Manuscripts are reported on as promptly as possible, not later than two weeks. Payment is made on publication at ½ cent a word.

"*Say It With Flowers*," 685 Mullett St., Detroit, Mich., published by the Mathews Company, is distributed by florists to stimulate an interest in their wares. "Material should be concise and of practical value in the use and care of flowers," writes Louise Sutherland, editor. "The importance and beauty of flowers, new modern uses, correct arrangement, and flower styling, as well as articles on flowers in season, are desired in this magazine. Attractive illustrations of bouquets of florists' flowers in season, plants, flower-gifts, corsages, etc., are desired to illustrate articles and for general illustration in the magazine." Preferred lengths are from 500 to 1000 words. Appropriate flower verse is used. Payment is made after publication at 1 cent a word minimum. The Mathews Company also publishes *Babies, Civic Health, Profitable Ice Cream*, and *The Hostess*.

Midland Editorial Service, 406 Hall Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., has been the subject of numerous inquiries because of delayed reports on material. Henry B. Vess, editor, explains a number of causes which have contributed to these delays, and under date of June 6 stated: "Within the next three or four days my desk will be clean except for the material we are keeping and actually handling, and the current correspondence. I do not think that your readers who submit their offerings to us will have any further cause for complaint. We are overstocked at present but expect to be in the market again in about sixty or ninety days. For the present we are interested only in good short fiction and in lively feature articles suitable for newspaper use. We suggest that writers inquire before submitting other material."

Wasp, 268 Market St., San Francisco, an 80-year-old weekly boasting of many famous former contributors, announces that it is "at all times hospitable to first-rate short-stories, tales of San Francisco and environs past and present, verse, art photographs, and candid camera shots of persons in the news, biographical sketches, cartoons, and drawings." John L. LeBerthon is editor and publisher. Rates and methods of payment are not at hand.

Sunshine Magazine, Sunny Acres, P. O. Box No. 2, Warrensville, Ohio, a monthly devoted to the interests, education, and amusement of tuberculosis patients, "is seeking inspirational material (articles, essays, true experiences, poetry) from patients and former patients of sanatoria throughout the country," writes Virginia Strang, editor. "We cannot promise any definite payment; however, a small honorarium is paid whenever possible. Copy should resemble that used in the now discontinued *Outdoor Journal*."

Chamelon is announced as a new quarterly publication to be issued by Winter Feature Syndicate, 160 Hurstbourne Rd., Rochester, N. Y., Rae Beamish, editor. It will use short-stories not over 1200 words, and short verse and essays of literary interest, but offers no payment.

The Pacific Weekly, published by the Pacific Associates, P. O. Box 1350, Carmel, California, uses timely articles of a social nature, also sketches, short-stories, and poetry. The editor, Lincoln Steffens, encourages new writers, but no payment is made for contributions.

Headquarters Detective, 67 W. 44th St., New York, (Magazine Publishers), uses only stories written from the law man's point of view. Human interest, mystery, action, and occasional terror are required for this book, in lengths from 4000 to 15,000 words. Address Mary Lou Butler, associate editor. Rates are 1 cent a word and up, on publication.

American Journal of Safety, 601 Brightwater Court, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes that it is interested in safety material and motor vehicle prevention ideas, but that there is no payment, as the magazine is to be issued (beginning in July) as a non-profit humanitarian publication.

Bernard De Voto is to be the editor-in-chief of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 W. 45th St., New York, beginning in September, succeeding Henry Seidel Canby.

Stackpole Sons, 50 Park Ave., New York, is eager to publish well-executed books on American themes, background, etc., writes William Soskin, editor. The field covered includes adult fiction, biography, economics, and bells lettres. Remuneration is on the royalty basis.

Voice of Youth, 114 E. 30th St., New York, edited by Viola Ilma, using articles of personal experience and social significance, makes no payment for material.

PRIZE CONTESTS

Liberty, Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42nd St., New York, announces in its July 4th issue that in addition to the regular purchase price, it will pay a bonus of \$1000, approximately \$1 per word, to the author of the best short short-story published in its pages in the next seven months. To six others will go further bonus payments, one of \$500 and five of \$100 each, raising the total to \$2000. "Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of *Liberty* upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories. All writers are eligible. Manuscripts will be handled in the usual way. Simply address them to *Liberty*. They will be bought on their merits."

The Williams and Wilkins Co., Mt. Royal and Guilford Aves., Baltimore, Md., offer a prize of \$1000 for the best manuscript on a scientific subject. Any scientific subject will be considered, but the winning manuscript must be of a sort calculated to appeal to the taste of the public at large. The work must be in English and should be 100,000 words in length. Judges will be Dr. Joseph Wheeler of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore; Harry Hansen, literary editor of the New York *World-Telegram*; Dr. Lyman Bryson, department of education, Teachers College, Columbia University, and David Dietz, science editor of the *World-Telegram*. The closing date is July 1, 1937.

The Call-Bulletin, P. O. Box 3456, San Francisco, conducts an amateur page, in which prizes are awarded each Friday, as follows: \$5 for best writing and best drawing, \$2.50 for next best in each class, \$1 for each contribution used. Writing must be 200 words or less, drawings black and white, no pencils. Send to Amateur Page editor.

Cosmopolitan Magazine offers a first prize of \$100, ten prizes of \$25 each, and thirty of \$5 each for best letters telling how you would bring up the quins if you were their parent. Length limit, 200 words. If you have children state how many and how old each one is. Letters must be mailed before midnight July 10. Address The Quins Editor, *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, 959 Eighth Ave., New York.

An essay contest with prizes of \$25, \$10, and \$5 for the three best essays on the subject, "Why young people should take an active part in government," is announced by the Young Republications of Alameda County, Calif. The contest is open to everybody. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, August 15, 1936, and must contain not more than 500 words. Address, The Young Republican Essay Contest, P. O. Box 257, Berkeley, Calif. Carmel Martinez, chairman, sends this notice.

The School of Commerce of Northwestern University announces that it will award a cash prize of \$1000 for the best manuscript of an unpublished book on business ethics. The contest, sponsored by the William A. Vawter Foundation, will close December 31, 1937. To be eligible for consideration manuscripts must be concerned primarily with business ethics and must make a contribution to the knowledge or understanding of the subject. They may treat it from any of several points of view, such as that of the economist chiefly interested in principles or the business man confronted with particular problems, and may deal with general principles, with the problems of a specific trade or profession, or with particular forms of business practice, such as price policy, labor problems, or governmental relations. Though books to be eligible must not have been previously published, they may have been submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for an advanced degree at a college or university. The judges will be members of the Vawter Foundation Committee, composed of members of the faculty of the School of Commerce at Northwestern. The competition will temporarily replace the series of lectures sponsored annually by the Foundation. "We felt that the publication of such a manuscript might possibly prove a more lasting contribution to the field of business ethics," Dr. Vanderveer Custis, chairman of the committee, pointed out, "and we are looking forward to discovering a book whose influence will be quite widespread."

American Photographic Publishing Co., 428 Newbury St., Boston, announces a prize contest with ten awards of \$25 each. The prizes will be paid for pictures of any unusual photographic trick or stunt, or of any novel and curious effects made with the aid of a camera, for use in a new book on photographic amusements. Among suggestions given are: composite photography, photographic murals, trick photographs, table tops and greeting cards, panoramic views, theatre photography, humorous photographs, photo-sketches, trick effects for motion pictures, shadow photography, etc. Pictures should be accompanied by concise descriptions of how they were made, preferably in not more than 300 words, unless the subject warrants a more lengthy exposition. Prints of any size acceptable, but 8x10 glossy prints unmounted are preferred. Any number of entries may be made by each person. Each picture and each sheet of manuscript must bear on the back, plainly written, the title and name and address of the maker. Other pictures than the prize winners may be accepted at usual rates. Closing date, August 1, 1936.

Walter H. Baker Company, Boston, announces a playwriting contest in cooperation with Allied Youth, a national movement in alcohol education, with headquarters in the National Education Association Bldg., Washington, D. C. Since a registration fee of \$1.00 is required, the policy of THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST does not permit it to publish the details of the contest.

Wasp, 268 Market St., San Francisco, offers \$100 a month for six months for bona fide amateurs getting most reader votes for contributions up to 200 words—short-stories, verse, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, and also unusual snapshots, drawings, and cartoons.

The Nashville Branch of the National League of American Pen Women is sponsoring a short-story contest and a poetry contest. Since an entry fee is required, THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST is compelled to decline to publish the conditions of the contest, but those interested may address the chairman of publicity, Mrs. Rowena R. Farrar, R. 1, McGavock Lane, Nashville, Tenn.

For the most thoughtful criticism of its recent publication, "Science Rediscovered God," by Barclay Moon Newman, the Science Index Press, of Princeton, New Jersey, offers an award of \$100. Criticisms submitted must be in the hands of the publishers by December 1, 1936.

Hires Root Beer offers a first prize of \$2000, a second of \$1000, third of \$500, and over a thousand more ranging from \$100 to \$2, for reasons, in 20 words or less, stating why the contestant prefers Hires Root Beer. Closing date, July 31. An entry blank, with full instructions, may be obtained from grocers, soda fountains, or other dealers, or from the Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, or Toronto, Ont.

CURRENT REQUIREMENTS IN THE GREETING CARD MARKET

By DORIS WILDER

R. R. Heywood Co., 263 Ninth Ave., New York. Birthday greetings. Short, impersonal sentiments preferred. Ethel Forsberg. 50 cents a line.

McKenzie Engraving Co., 1010 Commonwealth Ave., Boston. "Snappy, modern ideas in Christmas verses. Very general and not intimate. Our line is mostly special contract work for large box assortment buyers. Glad to consider good Everyday verses at any time." C. B. Lovewell. 25 cents a line.

Paramount Line, Inc., 109 Summer St., Providence, R. I. "Now working on general Everyday, including Birthday, Wedding, Gift, Thank You, Anniversary and Convalescence sentiments." Theodore Markoff. Standard rates.

Julius Pollak & Sons, Inc., 141-155 E. 25th St., New York. "Christmas and New Year only, both prose and verse. Simple, direct, everyday language, without any forced or jingled rhyming and not over-sentimental. Avoid use of first-person singular or plural." 50 cents a line.

Quality Art Novelty Co., Everready Bldg., Thompson Ave. and Manley St., Long Island City, N. Y. "Will buy Birthday and Everyday until July 15. Christmas beginning September 1." C. R. Swan. 25 to 50 cents a line.

Rose Co., 24th and Bainbridge Sts., Philadelphia. All seasons and occasions after July 15. H. M. Rose, Jr. 50 cents a line.

Rust Craft Publishers, Inc., 1000 Washington St., Boston. "Anything at any time." Fred W. Rust. 50 cents a line.

White & Wyckoff Mfg. Co. (Greeting Card Division), Holyoke, Mass. General Mother's Day and Easter. O. A. Landgraf. 50 cents a line.

Buzza-Cardozo, 3723 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles. Everyday. (Comics particularly welcome.)

"We have discontinued buying this material," advises Art Point Studios, Sebastopol, Calif., answering a query.

Everyday verses may be submitted the year around to Fred P. Luetters, editor of Metropolitan Lith. & Pub. Co., 167 Bow St., Everett, Mass. Mr. Luetters keeps regular contributors informed as to his seasonal needs.

Daytime in the Darkness, 970 Union Ave., New York, edited by Morris Hyman, announces its second "Blindman's Buff Essay Competition." The announcement states in part: "The seeing person is invited to start each day—it matters not at what time—for seven consecutive days, at the beginning of his or her apartment, with eyes completely blindfolded, and walk . . . to the last wall of it . . . When the seven days have expired, the participant should collect his or her thoughts and possible jottings and with these the buds transcribe the flower as it appears to him or her. The title of the transcription should be, "Upon Traversing Blindfolded the Length of My Apartment Each Day for Seven Consecutive Days." . . . To each of the authors of the three manuscripts adjudged best from the standpoint of faithfulness and genuineness *Daytime in the Darkness* will award \$50, at the same time assuring publication of their reports. All essays will be accepted which are postmarked not later than December 15, 1936."

The Telegraph Press, New York, publisher of Gifford Pinchot's new book, "Just Fishing Talk," announces a prize of \$25 and an autographed copy of the book for the best true fishing story of the season. The story must be a personal fishing experience and must deal either with one of the many locales in Mr. Pinchot's stories, or lend itself appropriately to any of the titles in the book. Stories must be not longer than 1000 words and the closing date is August 15, 1936.

The Nation, 20 Vesey St., New York, offers an annual poetry prize of \$100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet. The winning poem will be published in the Fall Book Number.

A monthly magazine devoted to the amateur story, title of which has not been announced, is to be issued by Periodical Publications, Suite 411, 115 W. 27th St., New York, beginning with September, according to an announcement received from Wayne Sabbath, formerly editor of *Aviation Stories*, *Self Defense*, and *New York Life*. Mr. Sabbath will be publisher and Bide Dudley, formerly of the *New York World* and present radio commentator, will be associate editor. "Only bona fide amateurs, who have had no work published and paid for, are eligible. Payment is to be made through the voice of the readers; blanks furnished with the magazine will show the vote cast. Awards are promised at \$100 for the best contribution, \$50 for second, \$25 for third, \$15 for fourth, and \$5 each for the next ten." The only specific requirement listed in the announcement is for short-stories, not over 3000 words in length. "Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by a brief biography of the writer."

Numerous leading newspapers, (*The San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Oakland Tribune* being examples before us) are conducting newspaper "snapshot contests," open to amateur photographers, with local and national prizes. Snapshots must have been made after May 15, 1936, on any type of film (not on glass plate negatives), and should be accompanied by entry blanks, which are published, with full conditions, in each paper. Bi-weekly prizes of \$1 to \$10 are awarded, and winners become eligible to compete for national awards, involving prizes totaling \$10,000.

Van Camp Sea Food Co., is conducting a weekly "Headline Hunt," with final prizes ranging from \$2500 to \$10 to be awarded after the last weekly contest, Oct. 25, 1936. "Suggest in ten words or less what the chef should say in an advertisement about Chicken of the Sea Brand Tuna or White Star Tuna." Accompany with dealer's name and two labels or label replicas from cans of the product. Address Contest Dept., Van Camp Sea Food Co., Terminal Island, Calif.

Trade, Technical and Class Journal Department

JOHN T. BARTLETT, EDITOR

GIVING THE WRITER A BREAK

"I'm new at this job, but I already realize that the friendship and good-will of free-lance writers are mighty important to me. I want to 'stand in' with the writers of the country. What are things that other editors do to please contributors?"

The department editor is happy to respond to this appeal.

Call it enlightened self-interest, or just plain good business. Under either name, the principle is a good one. Business paper editors find many ways to cater to writers. They make the scribbler's business task easier. They scatter a few roses to brighten a life that is often hard.

Somehow, such editors typically do a mighty good publication job. They build up a dependable flow of submissions from experts. To them go the best offerings first. Suddenly needing special service, they always have able writers to turn to.

There is a Chicago business editor who attaches a clipping of the article paid for to a remittance card accompanying check. There are other magazines which carefully itemize material for which the check is sent. We hope the time will come when such practices are general.

Many editors promptly put writers contributing to any extent upon the mailing list for free subscription.

Writers give three cheers for editors who, loaded up, take time to write, "Lay off for a couple of months. Bill, we'll be back in the market in the fall." Of course, we know why more editors don't write such letters. They're too busy—and writers go on piling up losses. Editors who find the time for friendly aid pile up good will.

Popular, too, are those editors who, handling timely material, meticulously return rejected material quickly, enabling the writer to submit it to another market.

Free-lance writers are a patient lot. They learn not particularly to mind long waits before publication and payment. Those editors who never hold for long periods, unless they ultimately will use, are blessed. There are such editors.

"This article has been in type for six months, and I don't know when we'll get around to use it. So I am sending you a check in payment."

No, dear reader, this didn't happen in a dream. A business editor wrote such a letter.

Our inquirer has the right idea. It pays the editor to give writers a break, and it really doesn't cost him very much to do it.

MARKET TIPS

Motor Service, 459 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, A. H. (Herb) Parker, editor, writes a contributor that the magazine prefers to use short kinks furnished by its readers—i. e., garagemen—to those of professional writers; also, that longer articles are usually secured from automotive engineers. The subscriber furnishing this information adds: "Extensive bombarding of automotive journals with kinks indicates that this policy probably also pertains to all journals in the field, since the depression." *Motor Service* has

accepted two items which it couldn't have secured elsewhere. *Commercial Car Journal*, 56th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, *Motor Maintenance*, Tribune Tower, Chicago, and *Automobile Digest*, 22 East 12th St., Cincinnati, invariably returned everything.

Ahrens Publishing Co., Inc., 222 E. 42nd St., New York, publishers of *Hotel Management* and *Restaurant Management*, classify the types of stories they use as: Remodeling; Accounting; Service; Resort; Tourist Camp; Air Conditioning; Short; Advertising; Promotion; Decoration; Housekeeping; Legal; Cafeteria; Tea Room; Fountain Lunch; Store Lunch; School Lunch, and Industrial. A Manuscript Record is sent to every contributor, whether rejecting or accepting the submitted article. It gives complete data on the manuscript received, and if it is rejected, checks one of the following reasons:

- "Over-inventoried on MSS. from this section of the country....."
- "Similar data has been published by us....."
- "By competitors....."
- "Methods suggested are contrary to our policy....."
- "Manuscript is short on ideas....."
- "We are not interested in news reports....."
- "Unacceptable due to lack of illustrations....."
- "We cannot use articles of more than 2500 words....."
- "We do not accept manuscripts unless typewritten....."
- "We use only original material....."
- "Please enclose postage with all manuscripts....."
- "Over inventoried on this type of article....."

Wooden Barrel, 511 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "We need articles of 1000 to 2500 words on new or novel uses of wooden barrels, interviews with shipping managers who favor these containers, new industries, shipping in barrels, or other material emphasizing strength and convenience of barrels. We also use brief notes on barrel uses and markets. Payment is from 1/2 cent to 1 cent a word on publication, and \$1 to \$5 for suitable photographs. Before submitting manuscripts, it is advisable for authors to query Lynn C. Mahan, editor, to avoid duplication of material."

John M. Cloud, editor, *Playthings*, states that his rates vary from 1/4 cent a word to a maximum of 1/2 cent a word.

All Pets Magazine, 2810 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, desires articles on breeding, feeding, housing and care of animal, bird, fancy fowl and tropical fish forms of pet life. Stephen Tedor, editor, states: "We want articles written from the scientific angle, showing results achieved by experiment. Facts must be based on research. No rewrite stuff will be used. No articles based on news items in newspapers wanted. . . . Our subscribers are breeders, dealers, and fanciers of dogs, cats, canaries, cage birds, tropical and domestic fish, peafowl, pheasants, monkeys, reptiles, etc. They are fussy about what material we offer and want new angles." Payment is made on publication at a straight 1/2 cent a word.

Hide & Leather, 20 Vesey St., New York, using technical tannery and shoe manufacturing articles, pays from 1/2 cent to 1 cent a word upon publication, according to James G. Peede, editor.

Excavating Engineer, South Milwaukee, Wis., uses illustrated kinks and short cuts pertaining to excavating work.

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Toys and Bicycles is the new name of the merged publications, *Toy World*, 56th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, and *Toys and Novelties*, 307 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Publication office is the Chicago address. John J. Welch, former editor of *Toys and Novelties* is editor.

Mass Transportation, 431 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, uses short kinks applicable to street railway and bus shops. Payment is reported as somewhat slow, but sure.

Industry & Welding, 812 Huron Road, Cleveland, is a good market for illustrated short cuts usable by welders.

Contractors' & Engineers' Monthly, 470 Fourth Ave., New York, is well supplied with illustrated construction kinks, but can use short cuts which are sufficiently clear to the reader without illustration.

Retail Petroleum Dealer, 1155 South Hill St., Los Angeles, has suspended publication.

Standard Remedies has changed its location from 424 Star Bldg., to 810 18th N.W., Washington, D.C. This is the business magazine of the proprietary drug trade, edited by J. P. Rudyk. Fair rates are paid for articles upon publication.

James T. Igoe Publishers, Inc., 600 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, have purchased *Clubs* from National Media, Inc., Chicago.

The American Restaurant Magazine, 5 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, reports a crowded condition of files, which prohibits purchase of unsolicited manuscripts, according to K. C. Lovgren, associate editor.

Retail Ledger and Homeware have been purchased from the Retail Ledger Publishing Co., 1346 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, by Vincent Edwards & Co., 342 Madison Ave., New York. The publications will be continued under the new management.

American Lumberman, 431 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, reports that a staff man is taking a swing through the Southwest, and will secure practically all the editorial material from that section that can be used for some months.

American Druggist, 572 Madison Ave., New York, Howard Stephenson, editor, announces that, due to a very heavy inventory, only a very exceptional manuscript will be purchased for the next few months. "In the early Fall I expect to be in the general market again," Stephenson writes.

Retail Druggist, Illustrated, 250 W. Lafayette, Detroit, Mich., has suspended publication.

Drug Store Retailing, 155 E. 44th St., New York, is reported far behind in payments, and not answering letters concerning manuscripts.

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Charles P. Gordon,

"The STORY REBUILDER"

Hall Bldg.

Dante, Virginia

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THE WRITER'S MONTHLY, Dept. AJ,

Springfield, Mass.

WHY THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST OFFERS CRITICISM SERVICE

QUERIES a subscriber, "Why is it necessary for me to use A. & J. criticism service? Isn't the purpose of the articles, published every month in the magazine, to enable subscribers to prepare and sell stories?"

It is true that the editorial columns of **The Author & Journalist** furnish expert information and instruction, and that such is intended to enable readers to write with success. Many do, as thousands of grateful letters prove. However, editorial material, necessarily, is not prepared for individuals, but for groups of readers. It can tell how to do a certain literary task. It cannot, however, check the work of a reader, and show him in what respect he is failing.

Author & Journalist criticism service is, for many writers, an indispensable supplement to general knowledge of writing acquired from textbooks, lectures, and articles on writing. Unquestionably, there exists a large group whose education in writing, carried on through the general agencies mentioned, has stopped just short of success. Many of these need only the specific personal service of an expert critic to arrive at sales.

Creative blindness, or inability to judge one's own work, is a common affliction of professionals; no wonder that it should be the common characteristic of beginners. The A. & J. critic, with clear eyes, examines a manuscript the failure of which to gain acceptance baffled its writer. Obvious faults, often easily remedied, are discovered. Inconsistencies which may have destroyed appeal to editors are exposed. Elements of strength are pointed out. The Progress Chart, rating the manuscript for 19 fundamentals, is carefully prepared.

The best marketing counsel to be had is given; what must be done to the manuscript to make it salable; where it should be submitted. Often, the writer is wisely counselled in respect to his future work. Finally, every criticism passes for review before Willard E. Hawkins, Editor. The small fee charged for this personal service puts the **Author & Journalist** critics within the reach of every reader—\$2 for the first 1000 words, 50 cents for each additional thousand to 10,000; for longer manuscripts, 40 cents per thousand. Criticism fee and return postage should accompany manuscripts.

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